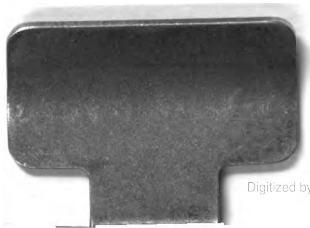

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S. J. Bowley

HYMNS FOR THE SICK.

BY THE
REV. J. M. NEALE, M.A.,
WARDEN OF SACKVILLE COLLEGE.

Third Edition.

LONDON:
JOSEPH MASTERS, ALDERSGATE STREET,
AND NEW BOND STREET.

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TO

My Mother

THIS LITTLE BOOK IS

DEDICATED.

THE following Hymns have been written with the wish of setting before the Suffering and the Sick some of those sources of 'strong consolation' which it has pleased our Heavenly FATHER to lay up for the afflicted in His Holy Church. It is hoped that the size, type, and paper of this little volume may be found convenient for a sick room.

It is not thoughtlessly that the writer has made choice of (for the most part) uncommon and difficult metres. He knows, both from his own experience, and from the testimony of others, how often in illness, particularly in fever, verses written in a very easy and natural metre will run in the mind for hours together, and thus worry, instead of soothing. It was to prevent this effect that he has chosen measures not so likely to recur to, until they weary, the mind.

October, 1843.

In the present Edition, a few lines have been improved, and one or two verses added. The Writer desires to express his thankfulness that, in several instances which have come to his knowledge, the last hours of a Christian's life have been soothed and consoled by some of the following Hymns.

SACKVILLE COLLEGE,
Nov. 12, 1849.



HYMNS FOR THE SICK.

I.

**I will show him how great things he must suffer for
My Name's sake.**

I.

**THY servants militant below
Have each, O LORD, their post ;
As Thou appoint'st; Who best dost know
The soldiers of Thine Host :
Some in the van Thou call'st to *do*,
And the day's heat to share ;
And in the rearward not a few
Thou only bidd'st to *bear*.**

2.

A brighter crown, perchance, is theirs,
To the mid battle sent ;
But he Thy glory also shares
Who waits beside* the tent ;
More bravely done, in human eyes,
The foremost post to take ;
My SAVIOUR will not those despise
That suffer for His sake.

3.

More honoured others, LORD, may be,
But keep me near Thy throne ;
Light in Thy Light content to see,
And never in mine own ;
To keep their goal and mine in view,
Delighted to sit still,
And evermore, if not to do,
At least to bear, Thy Will.

* 1 Samuel xxx. 24, 25.

II.

In a Sleepless Night.

1.

O THOU, Who rising long before the day,
Went'st forth to pray
On the cold mount, by weariness opprest,
That we might rest
With Thee hereafter ; though my lot denies
Sleep to mine eyes,—
Blessed REDEEMER, how can I repine,
Remembering Thine ?

2.

O Thou, Who at the fourth watch of the night
Didst come in sight
Of Thine Apostles, toiling on the wave ;
And, swift to save
From peril and from fear, said'st, drawing nigh,
" Peace ! it is I !"
O still my thoughts, tempestuous as that sea !
Speak peace to me !

3.

O Thou, Who didst not roughly chide Thy Saint
With faith too faint
To walk the waters, but with outstretch'd Hand
Didst bid him stand ;
My faith is weak : according to Thy Word,
Help me, O LORD !
Afraid of every danger ; not afraid
To seek Thine aid !

4.

Oh, give Thy servant patience, to be still,
And bear Thy Will ;
Courage to venture wholly on the Arm
That will not harm ;
The Wisdom that will never let me stray
Out of my way ;
The Love, that, now afflicting, knoweth best
When I should rest !

5.

Thy time is not yet come. Enough for me !
Thy time will be
The safest and the best ; and how can I
Wish it more nigh ?
If e'er Thou settest me among Thy Blest,
Enough of rest !
Meanwhile, altho' Thou bidd'st my pains not cease,
Grant me Thy Peace !

6.

The peace, O GOD the FATHER, that alone
Surrounds Thy throne,
The peace, O GOD the SON, Thy last bequest
To hearts distress'd,
O GOD the HOLY GHOST, From age to age
Thine heritage !

III.

**The Blessed Sacraments Assurances of, and Consolations
in, Affliction.**

1.

“COUNT not,” the LORD’S Apostle saith,
Who knew affliction’s sting,

“The fiery trial of your faith
As an unwonted thing:”

Yea rather, CHRIST Himself would teach
His people, ere He went,

That they were marked for grief, by each
Thrice-blessed Sacrament.

2.

When we, endued with power on high,
Began to live afresh,
We vowed our wills to mortify,
And crucify the flesh ;
To count all earthly gain as loss,
All earthly honour shame ;
And we were strengthened with the Cross,
That we might bear the same.

3.

Doth not the Altar call our thought
To His expiring breath ?
The woes that our Salvation bought,
The Love as strong as death ?
His precious Body makes not whole
Till broken on the Wood :
The Chalice could not cleanse our soul,
Except it were His Blood.

4.

A MASTER suffering on the Tree,

A servant at his ease !

Oh, my REDEEMER, far from me

Be thoughts and hopes like these !

In me, and by me, every day,

Thy holy Will be done,

Till Thou shalt call my soul away,

Eternal THREE in ONE !

IV.

In Fever.

1.

THERE is a stream, whose waters rise
Amidst the hills of Paradise,
Where foot of man hath never trod,
Proceeding from the throne of God :
Oh, give me sickness here, or strife,
So I may reach that spring of life !

2.

There is a Rock that, nigh at hand
Gives shadow in a weary land ;
Who in that Stricken Rock hath rest,
Finds waters gushing from its breast :
Oh, grant me, when this scene is o'er,
Their lot who thirst not any more !

3.

There is a people, who have cast,
The strife and toil away at last :
On whom,—so calm their rest and sweet,—
The sun lights not, nor any heat ;
Give me with them at length to be,
And send me here what pleaseth Thee !

4.

O Thou, Who camest Death to spoil,
And barest weariness and toil ;
And just before his chains were burst,
Fulfilling Scripture, said'st, " I thirst !"
Who call'st Thy weary servants o'er
The same rough road Thou trodd'st before ;

5.

Thou only Good ! Thou only Wise !
Who dost so lovingly chastise,
To give more strength, and add more grace,—
Grant me Thy SPIRIT to embrace,
The more,—the more that nature faints,—
The glorious portion of All Saints !

6.

Thou would'st not, LORD, ascend to reign,
But first on earth Thou suffered'st pain;
And now, O FATHER, at Thy side
For us He pleads, for us Who died;
Shading from storm, and blast, and heat,
With that Eternal PARACLETE!

V.

For even Christ pleased not Himself.

1.

WHY marvelling though the clouds be black,
The path be rough to tread?
Why thus impatient for a track
Of pleasure in its stead?

2.

HIS Path, on Whom we fix our eye,
Was never strewn with flowers:
How can we think on Calvary,
And give one thought to ours?

3.

And was the Cross so soft a bed,
The Reed so fair a gem,
The Crown of Thorns that wreathed His Head,
So bright a diadem?

4.

Oh, who could bear to dwell at ease,
Rememb'ring what He bore?
Oh, who would sigh for what might please,
When He was tried so sore?

5.

The Cross was borne by all the rest
Of His Elected Seed:
They clasped it bravely to their breast,—
And why should we be freed?

6.

Yea, in Thy Mercy, not Thy Wrath,
Our trials Thou dost send;
Lest if we should not tread their path,
We might not share its end.

7.

Praise, in the Church's highest strain,
To GOD the FATHER be;
And to the LAMB That once was slain,
And, HOLY GHOST, to Thee!

VI.

In great Bodily Pain.

1.

THOU only Refuge from the heat,
Thou only Rock wherein to hide,
Thou only Shade when tempests beat,
The Suffering, the Crucified :
Captain of our Salvation, That could'st be
Made perfect only through Thine Agony :

2.

My sin is great,—my pain is sore,—
My strength is gone,—my spirit fails ;—
For me the Cross Thy great Love bore,
For me the Scourge, for me the Nails ;
For me the Crown around Thy Temples set,
For me the Agony and Bloody Sweat ;

3.

Oh, while I tread these hard rough ways,
Ways smooth to *Thy* way,—lead mine eye
With holy, yet with steadfast gaze
Into Thy Passion's Sanctuary ;
Thy Wounds my cure,—my more than trust art
Thou ; [now ?
Had'st Thou not borne them, where had I been

4.

Hear me, and save me when I call,
By all those woes, now past away,
Thy Precious Death and Burial,
Thy Resurrection the third day ;
Thy Triumph over death and all his host ;
And by the coming of the HOLY GHOST.

5.

LORD, if Thou wilt, Thou canst forgive :
Speak the word only ; set me free
From sin, that so my soul may live,
From suffering,—if it pleaseth Thee ;
Or make Thou here whate'er Thou wilt my part,
If there I may but see Thee as Thou art !

VII.

In Consumption.

1.

O God, from Whom Thine Own receive,
To Whom they yield, their breath;
Who mark'st their dwellings while they live,
And choosest out their death;

2.

Diseases, in their countless train,
Thy Holy Will effect;
And now for me dost Thou ordain
The 'death of Thine Elect.'*

* Consumption is called by French Divines, *La mort des élus*, on account of the long warning which it gives, the mental vigour which it leaves, and its freedom, for the most part, from intense bodily pain; thus allowing the mind to be its own master. For the same reason it is named by the Portuguese, a *doença dos predestinados*.

3.

Blest be Thy Love, that deigns to care
For sufferings that it bore ;
And never calls Thy sheep,—save where
Itself hath gone before :

4.

That gives me space, by slow decay,
To call my thoughts apart,
And hour by hour, and day by day,
Sets free from earth my heart.

5.

If Thou, O LORD, wouldst freely drink
Thy portion for my sake,
Shall I, who suffer justly, shrink
My proffered cup to take ?

6.

Oft wert Thou weary—shall I now
Of weariness complain ?
The Crown of Thorns was on Thy Brow,
And shall I tell of pain ?

7.

Grant that the inner man may grow
In faith and grace each day,
Rooted in Thee our Hope, although
The outer must decay :

8.

Grant that when earthly sense grows weak,
My faith may still be strong ;
That when the tongue no more may speak,
Thy Grace may be my song :

9.

Thy Love, omnipotent to save,
Preserve me from despair ;
Thy Church go with me to the grave,
And Thou receive me there !

10.

Give me when those last trials urge,
Thy very Flesh and Blood ;
And when I tread the utmost verge,
Do Thou divide the flood !

11.

That I may praise Thy Power and Love
Amidst the Heavenly Host,
Who with the FATHER reign'st above,
And with the HOLY GHOST.

VIII.

Sunday in Illness.

1.

AND will GOD dwell with men in very deed ?
He Whom the Heav'n of Heav'ns cannot contain ?
And will He feed
With Angel's Bread His supplicating train
In His Own House, and hear them when they
plead ?

2.

He dwelleth in the high and holy place ;
He dwelleth in the temples made with hands ;
To seek His Grace,
As at this hour, 'twixt Porch and Altar stands
His Priest, and communes with Him face to face.

3.

And when I think upon the times gone by,
And on the crowd that keep the Holy day,
I needs must sigh
That where they kneel, no longer may I pray,
Unless, O LORD, I turned to Thee mine eye ;

4.

Thy prayers and tears have hallowed every spot ;
Mountains and deserts were Thy chosen shrine ;
Thou lingerest not
To hear the cry, to bless the soul, of Thine,
When sickness or when sorrow is their lot.

5.

Thou wert amidst the band that sorrowed sore
Around Thy Blessed Saint, that they should see
His face no more ;
When him commending and themselves to Thee,
They kneeled down, and prayed upon the shore.

6.

Thou wert with him of Patmos, carrying him
On this Thy day, towards his future Home,
In visions dim
Of things that were, and that were yet to come;
Of Thrones, and Cherubim, and Seraphim.

7.

And now Thy Church, in this her hour of prayer,
Commends her troubled children and her weak
To Thy good care ;
Readier art Thou to hear than she to seek :
In her petitions let me find a share.

8.

To Thee, O God, my spirit I commend ;
Thou didst create, redeem, regenerate ;
Do Thou defend
From every ill that threatens this weak state,
And be my Only Way, and Only End.

IX.

The Ministrations of Earthly Friends.

1.

THOU sendest thousand blessings from on high,
Who dost Thy servant through deep waters lead ;
The tender heart, the careful hand, the eye
That watches all my need.

2.

But Thou, O Blessed LORD, wast left alone ;
By foes insulted, and by friends denied ;
One only stood beside Thee of Thine Own ;
And he, Thy murderers' guide.

3.

Alone in Agony, because they slept :
Alone at Gabbatha, because they fled :
Alone on Calvary, because they kept
Themselves concealed through dread.

4.

Taken from prison, and to Judgment brought,
Of men rejected, press'd by woes untold,
Thy Chief Apostle* left Thee then, and sought
A refuge from the cold.

5.

The thief alone was found confessing Thee ;
On me, a greater sinner, cast Thine eyes,
As justly suffering : saying, "Thou shalt be
With Me in Paradise."

* "And Peter warmed himself at the fire. And the chief priests and all the people sought false witness against Jesus to put Him to death."
—S. Mark xv. 54, 55.

"Now Annas had sent Him bound unto Caiaphas, the high priest. And Simon Peter stood and warmed himself."—S. John xviii. 24, 25.

X.

The Daily Lesson.

1.

SINCE day by day,
O Heavenly MASTER, Thou would'st have me learn
Some lesson flesh and blood will scarce discern,
And shrink away ;

2.

To Thee on high
Morning by morning shall my soul draw near ;
Oh give me, while I learn, the hearing ear,
The seeing eye.

3.

I knew of old
Thy beauty in green flowers and summer skies,
And in the clouds where suns go down and rise
With hues of gold ;

4.

Thy Wisdom, too,
That fixed the planets' course, and hung them
round
To light the earth, and gave the sea his bound,
Right well I knew ;

5.

In tempests dread,
That at Thy bidding rise and hold them still,
And lightnings coming forth to do Thy will,
Thy power I read ;

6.

But oh ! Thy Love,—
Trial must teach me that, which ease could not ;
In earthly joys entwined, I had forgot
The things above :

7.

And who but Thou
So lovingly a straying lamb would seek,
Bind up the broken, and console the weak,
As here, as now ?

D

8.

What Arm but Thine
Could lead so gently, that I should not fear,
Midst paths so thorny, and midst scenes so drear
As these of mine ?

9.

Yea, only He
Who felt far bitterer woes than He doth send,
Could guard me by the way, and in the end
Deliver me !

10.

Could bring me nigh
That glorious throne, with Angels and with Saints,
To hymn, in love and praise that never faints,
The TRINITY !

XI.

**The Commemoration of the Departed Faithful the
Encouragement of the Church Militant.**

1.

NEED it is we raise our eyes
Up from earth toward the skies,
Thinking of the Saints that rest
After toil in Abraham's breast;
Lest we faint, in our distress,
Through exceeding heaviness.

2.

THEE in them, O LORD Most High,
Them in Thee we glorify:
Thine Apostles, worthy found
Of the Keys that loosed and bound;
And the Truth, that none resists,
Of Thine Own Evangelists;

3.

And Thy Servants that went Home
Through the Sea of Martyrdom ;
And the Saints, through grief and shame,
Brave Confessors of Thy Name ;
And the Doctors, help'd from high
In confounding Heresy :

4.

And the Teachers, sent to win
To the Faith the realms of sin ;
And the Bishops, now with Thee,
And the Virgins' Purity ;
And the Priests, Thy Truth's defence,
And the Holy Innocents.

5.

Glory, LORD, to Thee alone
Who hast glorified Thine Own ;
For their zeal, their truth, their sighs,
Prayerful hearts and tearful eyes,
Faithful lips and fearless breast,
Love and Beauty, toils and rest !

6.

Strengthen us to run our race
With a portion of their grace;
That when Thou shalt come with dread,
Judging both the quick and dead,
They with us, and we with them,
May attain Thy Diadem!

XII.

The Visitation of the Sick.

1.

Whom so ye bind on earth, is bound in Heav'n :
Whom so ye loose on earth, is loos'd above ;
Behold, O LORD, I trust Thy promise giv'n ;
Thy FATHER's Love !

2.

Bless'd be Thy Goodness, that mine eyes shall see
Thy Messengers, O Prince of Peace, to-day :
Whoso receiveth them, receiveth Thee,
With them away.

3.

My sins are deep and many as the seas ;
Yet hear, as Thou art wont, Thy suppliant's call ;
And by the Power of Thy Most Holy Keys
Loose me from all !

4.

With trembling heart I venture to Thy Gate,
For sins committed, and for broken laws,
O LAMB of GOD, the sinner's Advocate,
Plead Thou my cause !

5.

Set not my sins before Thy Face, nor lay
My vileness to my charge, for I am Thine :
O LAMB of GOD, That takest sin away,
Take away mine !

6.

The Holy Creed delivered to the Saints
I steadfastly believe : my faith increase ;
Make strong my Love,—confirm my hope that
And give me peace ! [faints ;

7.

So grant me Absolution in my need,
That I, who only to Thy Mercy flee,
May henceforth live with wariness and heed,
Or die to Thee.

8.

Glory to Thee, Who didst at first create,
Glory to Thee, Whose Passion maketh whole,
Glory to Thee, Who didst regenerate
Thy servant's soul !

XIII.

The Ministration of Angels.

1.

THEY slumber not, nor sleep,
Whom Thou dost send, O God of light,
Around Thine Own the livelong night
Their watch and ward to keep:

2.

They leave their seats on high,
They leave the Everlasting Hymn,
Where Cherubim and Seraphim
Continually do cry:

3.

They come to guard the bed
Whereon, while others wake and weep,
Thou givest Thy beloved sleep,
And hover round their head.

4.

Nor less they haste to soothe
Their Vigils, who, like me, distress,
Nor wake to strength, nor sleep to rest,
And make the rough ways smooth.

5.

So peradventure now,
My eyes, if loos'd from flesh, might see
Such an immortal Company,
As ne'er to Monarch bow;

6.

And this familiar room
Might seem the Gate of Paradise;
And in its sorrow joy might rise,
And glory in its gloom.

7.

Thy Holy Name be blest,
God in Three Persons, both by those
That after toil in Thee repose,
And those by grief oppress!

XVI.

Therefore.

1.

THEREFORE He loves thee not, because He smites ?
Ah, little know'st thou of thy FATHER's ways !
His children share not in the world's delights :
Long nights of grief He sends, and weary days,
When love grows weak, and faith decays.

2.

Therefore He loves thee not ? Nay, rather this
His most sure sign, His most kind voice of call ;
He will not have thee sleep in earthly bliss,
But bids thee gird thy loins, lest after all,
Where some have fall'n, thou too should'st fall.

3.

Let not thy fancied *therefore* dream of aid,
Just when thou wilt, whose time is always near ;
Nor deem *that* love, nor call *that* help, delay'd,
Which came too soon, if sooner it were here :
He will not cause **one needless tear !**

4.

Lazarus He loved, He loved the sisters twain ;
Therefore He left him, all alone to die :
He loved the Saints that battled with the main ;
Therefore, till morn was almost in the sky,
He would not listen to their cry.

5.

If it be Thou, O Blessed Lord, indeed,
Then bid me cross, if needs, this angry sea :
I know Thou canst not into evil lead,
I know no waves too chill and dark can be
O'er which I may but come to Thee !

XV.

Blindness.

I.

THEY heard Thee drawing nigh ;
They heard the multitude that went along :
 Their darkened earthly eye
But made the vision of their faith more strong :
Nor vain, O Son of David, was their cry !

2.

O Very Light of Light,
Thy love is still the same, the same Thy Grace ;
 And all Thy Servant's night
One little word, one look of Thine would chase ;
And yet I will not say, restore my sight !

3.

I cannot praise the power
That hung great lights for signs in Heav'n above,
And wrought each curious flower,
And clothed the hills and valleys ; but Thy Love—
Oh, give me grace to bless it every hour !

4.

Thou at the Font of yore
Didst ope my sightless eyes, that I should see ;
Daily and daily more,
Thy Love and Providence, enlight'ning me,
Have hedg'd me in behind, and gone before :

5.

Around me, lest I stray,
Thy oracles have shed a track of light ;
Thy Holy Church alway
Pours brightness on my left hand and my right,
Evermore shining to the perfect day.

6.

So lead and strengthen me
By things below, to things above, unseen,
That when I go to Thee,
All these my years of darkness may have been
“The Vigil of a Blest Epiphany !”

7.

To Thee, Whose Right Hand made
Light out of darkness,—Thee, Who tookest flesh
To scatter this world's shade ;
And Thee, Who light'nest man's dark heart afresh,
All honour, glory, praise and thanks be paid !

XVI.

In Old Age.

1.

' AND even to your old age I am He ;
And even to hoar hairs' Mine Arm shall be
Your refuge to defend ;
Thou art not wont to fail us at our need ;
And whom Thou lovest of Thy chosen Seed,
Thou lovest to the end.

2.

And hitherto Thine Arm, O GOD of Truth,
Hath led, Thy Wisdom guided me from youth,
Through peril and through snare ;
Shall weakness, O my FATHER, cast away,
One not as yet giv'n o'er for Satan's prey,
How weak, how blind soe'er ?

3.

Weakness may dim, or clouds may hide my view,
But hath the LORD's Right Arm wax'd feeble too?

His eye, like mine, grown dark?
Friends may fall off, and unseen foes assail;
That Everlasting Church can never fail
Which He hath made mine Ark.

4.

And though to them that *have* run well through
One little step at last may lose the race, [grace,
And take away the crown;
Toward the Heavenly Hills I lift mine eyes:
While He, Who reigneth there, my strength
I cannot be cast down. [supplies,

5.

Oh, feed me still with that Thy Heavenly Bread
Wherewith Thy servant all his life-long fed
Hath gone from strength to strength:
Let not Thy Manna fail me at the last,
Until I need* it not,—this desert past,—
And I with Thee at length.

* Joshua v. 12.

6.

No weakness then, no trembling, no more age,
No few and evil days of pilgrimage,
In all the Heavenly Coast :
But to the FATHER praise ascendeth high,
And to the SON, That came on earth to die,
And to the HOLY GHOST !

XVII.

Watching.

1.

'LORD, if he sleepeth, he shall sure do well ;'
So said they, knowing nought of that they spake ;
Nor dreaming of the narrow cell,
Nor of the slumber Thou alone couldst wake.

2.

'LORD, if he sleepeth, he shall sure do well ;'
So say we, SAVIOUR, of Thy servant now :
Not that our wills 'gainst Thine rebel,
But that the God Who heareth prayer art Thou.

3.

REDEEMER, to Thy Saints, in times of old,
The watches of the night Thy Love revealed ;
Since still Thou carest for Thy fold,
Speak but the word,—Thy servant shall be healed !

4.

Thou That with Jacob strovest all night long,
That once through closed portals drewest nigh,
That givest in the night Thy song,—
Say now to us, REDEEMER,—It is I!

5.

Say but that word, or say,—Be not afraid!
Then at the morning cometh joy; and we
Through these long watches, undismayed,
Will wait in hope Thy saving Arm to see.

6.

Thee still, O healing Sun of Righteousness,
Thee with the FATHER and the HOLY GHOST,
Amidst this scene of pain we bless,
As from their painless homes the Heavenly Host.

XVIII.

1.

By no new path, untried before,
Thy servants dost Thou lead;
The self-same promise as of yore
Supports the self-same need:
The Faith for which Thy Saints endured
The dungeon or the stake,
That very Faith, with hearts assured,
Upon our lips we take.

2.

Though scattered widely left and right,
And sent to various posts,
One is the battle that we fight
Beneath One LORD of Hosts.
We know not, we shall never know,
Our fellow-labourers here:
But they that strive one strife below
Shall in one joy appear.

3.

They need, O LORD, Thy special Grace,
That fight in this world's view ;
But in the sick-room, face to face
Is Satan vanquished too :
One is the end of them that shed
Their life-blood for Thy Name ;
And them that, on the dying bed,
Have glorified the same.

XIX.

The Viaticum, or The Communion of the Departing.

1.

DEPART, O Christian soul !
Thy SAVIOUR calm thy fear ;
Thou pressest to the goal,
His Holy Church is near ;
His very Flesh She comes for thee to break,
The latest gift He gave, or thou canst take !

2.

Yea, thou must pass this sea,
Though trembling at its surge ;
His Church goes down with thee
Unto the very verge :
And when the cold dark waters touch thy feet,
Her prayers attend thee to the Judgment-seat.

3.

Think yet, while thou canst think,
Of all for thee He bore :
The Cup that He would drink,
The Crown of Thorns He wore ;
The Garden, the Betrayal, and the Gloom,
The Pavement, and the Mountain, and the Tomb.

4.

Be this His Flesh thy cure,
His Bloody Sweat thy balm,
His Blood thy soul assure,
His Agony thy calm ;
To-day thy fears and anguish pass away :
Thy habitation be in peace to-day !

5.

CHRIST, That endured the Fear
And Agony for thee,
Have mercy on thee here
In this thine agony !
CHRIST, That arose the third day from the dead
To everlasting joy lift up thine head !

6.

Go, Christian soul, to Him
That did at first create,
That did thy soul redeem,
And did regenerate;
Go, as the Saints and Martyrs went before;
Go to that strife, which ended, strife is o'er!

7.

Let GOD the LORD arise!
And let Him judge the right!
And let His enemies
And thine be put to flight!
SAVIOUR of souls, O hear our cry, that he,
Now dying to the world, may live to Thee:

8.

With tender love behold,
In this His latest shock,
A sheep of Thine Own Fold,
A lamb of Thine Own Flock:
A sinner of Thine Own Redeeming save;
A trembling servant ransom from the grave!

XX.

The Death of the Faithful.

1.

THE LORD hath given,—the LORD hath tak'n
And the LORD's Name is blest ! [away,
We know not where our brother dwells this day,
But this we surely trust,—he sleeps in Abraham's
breast.

2.

We know not what sweet tones are round his
Bright things before his eyes, [ears,
But yet we trust, yea trust amidst our tears,
Whate'er that region be, he rests in Paradise !

3.

The weary days, the weary nights are o'er,
The strife, the thirst, the pain ;
And he can now know anguish never more,
Nor ever hunger there, nor ever thirst again.

4.

We would not seek to know what God hath
seal'd,
Content to rest on this ;
That when the future Glory is revealed,
We shall be like our LORD, and see Him as He is !

5.

Our brother—think we of him as one now
From sin and pain releas'd,
When in the presence of our LORD we bow
Upon His Altar steps, or keep our All Saints'
Feast.

6.

Thou, Who didst die and rise, that Thou
might'st be
LORD both of quick and dead ;
Who to Jerusalem* so lovingly
From Sion, step by step, Thy servant's feet hast
led ;

* SION, *expectation*, commonly understood of the Church Militant ;
JERUSALEM, *the City of Peace*, of the Church Triumphant.

7.

Thy Grace in us, poor exiles yet, implant
To tread his steps aright ;
And while we wander through the desert, grant
To us Thy Health and Peace, to him Thy Rest
and Light !

8.

Both now, and with His servant's latest breath,
Praise to the FATHER be :
To Him That by His Death hath vanquished
death ;
Consoler of our hearts, Blest Paraclete, to Thee !



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